NUMB. DXVII.

The SPECTATOR.

Heu pietas! heu priſca fides! —— Virg.

Thurſday, October 23, 1712.

WE laſt Night received a piece of ill News at our Club, which very ſenſibly afflicted every one of us. I queſtion not but my Readers themſelves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in Suſpence, Sir ROGER DE COVERLY *is Dead.* He departed this Life at his Houſe in the Country, after a few Weeks Sickneſs. Sir ANDREW FREEPORT has a Letter from one of his Correſpondents in thoſe Parts, that informs him the old Man caught a Cold at the County Seſſions, as he was very warmly promoting an Addreſs of his own penning, in which he ſucceeded according to his Wiſhes. But this Particular comes from a Whig-Juſtice of Peace, who was always Sir ROGER's Enemy and Antagoniſt. I have Letters both from the Chaplain and Captain *Sentry* which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many Particulars to the Honour of the good old Man. I have likewiſe a Letter from the Butler, who took ſo much care of me laſt Summer when I was at the Knight's Houſe. As my Friend the Butler mentions, in the Simplicity of his Heart, ſeveral Circumſtances the others have paſſed over in Silence, I ſhall give my Reader a Copy of his Letter, without any Alteration or Diminution.

Honoured Sir,

'KNOWING that you was my old Maſter's 'good Friend, I could not forbear ſending 'you the melancholy News of his Death, which 'has afflicted the whole Country, as well as his poor 'Servants, who loved him, I may ſay, better than 'we did our Lives. I am affraid he caught his 'Death the laſt County Seſſions, where he would 'go to ſee Juſtice done to a poor Widow Woman, and her Fatherleſs Children that had been 'wronged by a Neighbouring Gentleman; for you 'know, Sir, my good Maſter was always the poor 'Man's Friend. Upon his coming home, the firſt 'Complaint he made was, that he had loſt his 'Roaſt-Beef Stomach, not being able to touch a 'Sirloin, which was ſerved up according to Cuſtom; and you know he uſed to take great Delight in it. From that time forward he grew 'worſe and worſe, but ſtill kept a good Heart 'to the laſt. Indeed we were once in great 'Hopes of his Recovery, upon a kind Meſſage 'that was ſent him from the Widow Lady whom 'he had made Love to. Forty laſt Years of 'his Life; but this only proved a Light'ning before Death. He has bequeathed to this Lady, as 'a token of his Love, a great Pearl Necklace, and 'a couple of Silver Bracelets ſet with Jewels, 'which belonged to my good old Lady his Mother: He has bequeathed the fine white Gelding, 'that he uſed to ride a hunting upon, to his Chaplain, becauſe he thought he would be kind to him, 'and has left you all his Books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the Chaplain a very pretty 'Tenement with good Lands about it. He being a 'very cold Day when he made his Will, he left 'for Mourning, to every Man in the Pariſh a great 'Frize Coat, and to every Woman a black Riding-'hood. It was a moſt moving Sight to ſee him 'take leave of his poor Servants, commending us 'all for our Fidelity, whilſt we were not able to 'ſpeak a Word for weeping. As we moſt of us 'are grown Gray-headed in our Dear Maſter's 'Service he has left us Penſions and Legacies, 'which we may live very comfortably upon, the 'remaining part of our Days. He has be'queathed a great deal more in Charity, which 'is not yet come to my Knowledge, and it is 'peremp-

peremptorily ſaid in the Pariſh, that he has left Money to build a Steeple to the Church; for he was heard to ſay ſome time ago, that if he lived two Years longer *Coverly* Church ſhould have a Steeple to it. The Chaplain tells every Body that he died a very good End, and never ſpeaks of him without Tears. He was buried, according to his own Directions, among the Family of the *Coverly's*, on the Left Hand of his Father Sir *Arthur*. The Coffin was carried by Six of his Tenants, and the Pall held up by Six of the *Quorum:* The whole Pariſh followed the Corps with heavy Hearts, and in their Mourning Suits, the Men in Friſe, and the Women in Riding hoods. Captain *Sentry*, my Maſter's Nephew, has taken Poſſeſſion of the Hall-Houſe, and the whole Eſtate. When my old Maſter ſaw him a little before his Death, he ſhook him by the Hand, and wiſhed him Joy of the Eſtate which was falling to him, deſiring him only to make a good uſe of it, and to pay the ſeveral Legacies, and the Gifts of Charity which he told him he had left as Quit-rents upon the Eſtate. The Captain truly ſeems a courteous Man, though he ſays but little. He makes much of thoſe whom my Maſter loved, and ſhows great Kindneſs to the old Houſe-dog, that you know my poor Maſter was ſo fond of. It won'd have gone to your Heart to have heard the Moans the dumb Creature made on the Day of my Maſter's Death. He has ne'er joyed himſelf ſince; no more has any of us. 'Twas the melancholieſt Day for the poor People that ever happened in *Worceſterſhire*. This being all from,

Honoured Sir,

Your moſt Sorrowful Servant,

Edward Biſcuit.

P. S. My Maſter deſired, ſome Weeks before he died, that a Book which comes up to you by the Carrier ſhould be given to Sir *Andrew Freeport* in his Name.

This Letter, notwithſtanding the poor Butler's manner of writing it, gave us ſuch an Idea of our good old Friend, that upon the reading of it there was not a dry Eye in the Club. Sir *Andrew* opening the Book found it to be a Collection of Acts of Parliament. There was in particular the Act of Uniformity, with ſome Paſſages in it marked by Sir *Roger*'s own Hand. Sir *Andrew* found that they related to two or three Points, which he had diſputed with Sir *Roger* the laſt time he appeared at the Club. Sir *Andrew*, who would have been merry at ſuch an Incident on another Occaſion, at the ſight of the old Man's Hand-writing burſt into Tears, and put the Book into his Pocket. Captain *Sentry* informs me, that the Knight has left Rings and Mourning for every one in the Club.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

At the Deſire of ſeveral Ladies of Quality.

By her Majeſty's Company of Comedians,

AT the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane this preſent Thurſday being the 2nd Day of October, will be preſented the True and Ancient Hiſtory of King Lear. the Part of King Lear by Mr. Powel, Edgar Mr. Wilks, Gloſter Mr. Cibber, Edmund Mr. Mills. Kent Mr. Keen, Gentleman Uſher Mr. Penkethman, Cordelia Mrs. Bradſhaw. And to morrow, being Friday, will be preſented a Comedy, call'd *Slope*, with the Farce of the Stage-Coach. By Her Majeſty's Command no Perſons are to be admitted behind the Scenes.

For SALE by the CANDLE.

On Friday the 24th Inſtant, at Lloyd's Coffee-Houſe in Lombard-ſtreet, at 9 in the Forenoon precisely (only one Pipe, Hhd or Cask, in a Lott) the entire Cargo of the Ship Henrietta, Captain Morgan, lat from St. Mal's, conſiſting of 180 Pipes, 14 Hhds and 8 quar. Casks of Excellent new Palm (Canary) Wines, Rich and Rare, of the true delicate Flavour, racked clean in France, and Neat, being the only New and the beſt Palm Wines in England, or that has been imported many Years; and 15 Pipes and 1 quar. Cask of new Palm Wine. Lee; now in the Warehouſes and Cellars in the Gateway of Brewer's Key, near the Cuſtom-houſe and Tower-dock. To be ſeen and taſted all this Day (Note, the Warehouſes and Cellers wherein the ſaid Wines and Lees lie, will not be opened the Day of Sale (viz. to Morrow) for that the Sale is intended to begin at 9 in the Forenoon precisely (as above) therefore the Buyers are deſired not to delay as Cuſtomary, that they may not be diſappointed. To be Sold by Tho. Tomkins Broker, in Swithing-Lane in Tower ſtreet.

Juſt Publiſh'd,

The Chriſtian Hero, or no Principles but thoſe of Religion ſufficient to make a Great Man. Written by Mr Steel. The 6th Edition. 12mo. The Works of Mr. Thomas Otway, containing his Plays, Poems and Love Letters, in 2 Vols. 12mo. Both Printed on a neat Elzevir Letter, for J. Tonſon at Shakeſpear's Head over-againſt Catherine Street in the Strand.

This Day is Publiſh'd,

The French King Vindicated, being a full Anſwer to all the Reflections caſt upon him, during the Courſe of his long and Glorious Reign. Sold by J. Baker, at the Black Boy in Pater-Noſter-Row. pr. 1s.

This Day is Publiſh'd,

The Works of Mr. Nathaniel Lee, collected in two Vols. Price 14s. The Works of Mr. Wycherley, collected into one Vol. Price 6s. The Lovers Secretary: or, the Adventures of Lindamira, a Lady of Quality; giving an Account of her Amours and Intregues from 15 Years to 50. Price 2s. 6d. Incognita or Love and Duty Reconcil'd, a Novel by Mr. Congreve. Price 1s 6d. Cocker's Decimal Arithmetick, The 4th Edition Corrected, Price 3 s. 6d. Printed for R. Wellington at the Dolphin and Crown in St. Paul's Church-yard, where is Sold all ſorts of Plays.

This Day is Publiſh'd.

Mr. Aſgill's Apology for an Omiſſion in his late Publication, Price 3d. Sold by A. Baldwin in Warwick-lane; by whom will be publiſh'd to Morrow, Mr. Le Clerc's Funeral Oration on the Death of Mr. Philip Limborch, late Profeſſor of Divinity among the Remonſtrants at Amſterdam; tranſlated from the Latin. Price 6d.

Juſt Publiſh'd,

Propoſals for Printing a very Curious Diſcourſe in two Vols in 4to. intitled, Ψ ΤΑΔΑΟΤΙΑ ΠΟΛΙΤΙΚΗ: or, a Treatiſe of the Art of Political Lying, with an Abſtract of the firſt Volume of the ſaid Treatiſe. Sold by J. Morphew, near Stationers-hall. Price 3 d.

The famous Bavarian Red Liquor:

Which gives ſuch a delightful bluſhing Colour to the Cheeks of thoſe that are White or Pale, that it is not to be diſtinguiſhed from a natural fine Complexion, nor perceived to be Artificial by the neareſt Friend. Is nothing of Paint, or in the leaſt Hurtful, but good in many Caſes to be taken inwardly. It renders the Face delightfully handſome and beautiful; is not ſubject to be rubb'd off like Paint, therefore cannot be diſcover'd by the neareſt Friend. It is certainly the beſt Beautifier in the World. Is ſold only at Mr. Rayn's Warehouſe at the Angel and Crown in St. Paul's Church-yard near Cheapſide, at 3 s. 6d. a Bottle, with Directions.

LONDON: Printed for *S. Buckley*, and *J. Tonſon:* And Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-lane.*